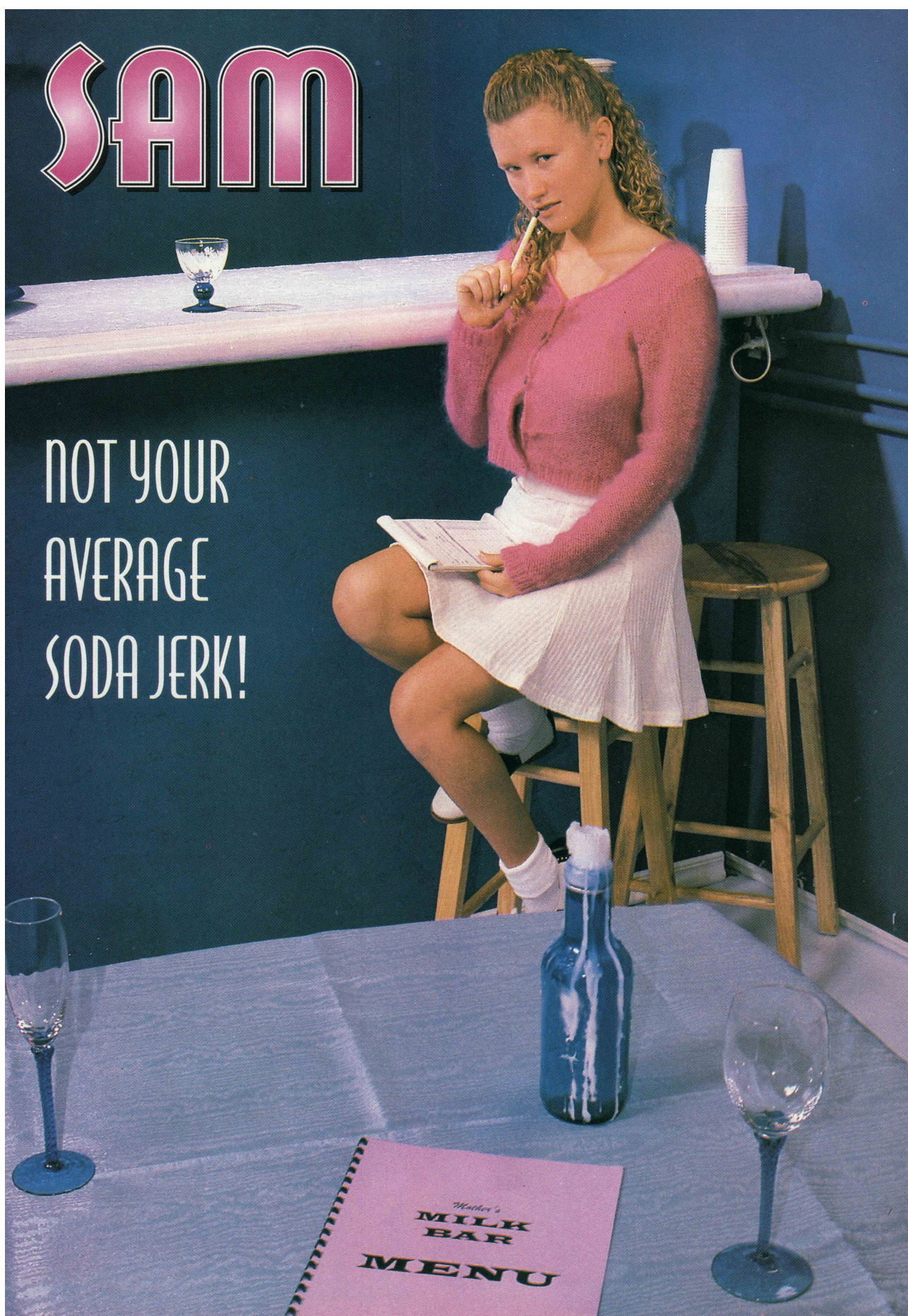
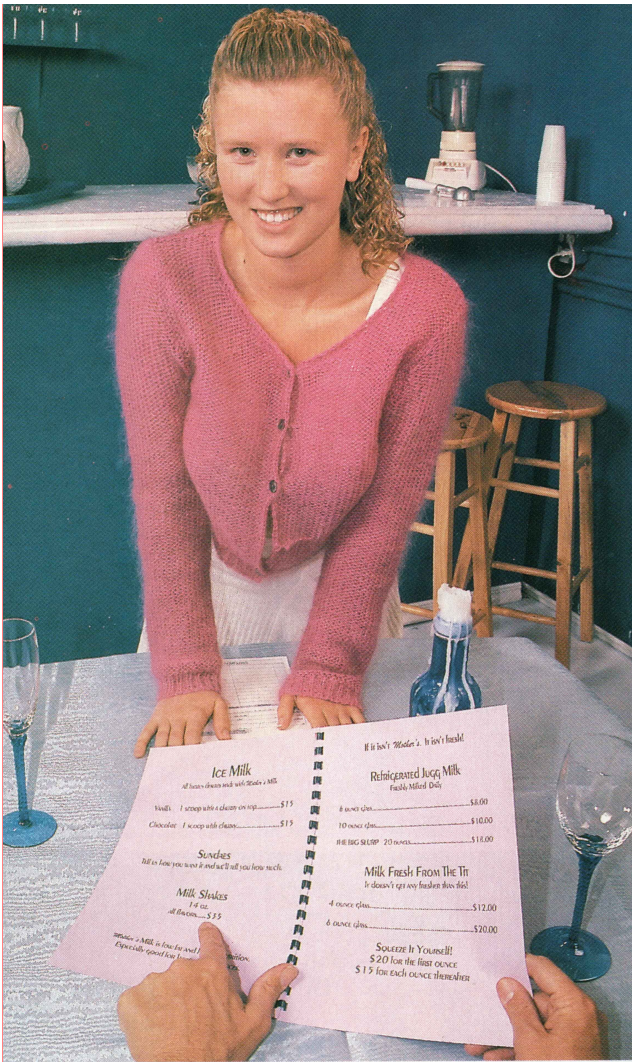


SAM

NOT YOUR
AVERAGE
SODA JERK!





Nursing my baby was probably the happiest experience of my life. It was a happy time for my husband Rick as well, because when Baby got done sucking, it was the big baby's turn. Yup, nothing he loves better than feeding at my sweet teats. Keeps him quiet. Still, I noticed that no matter how hard and how long my titties got sucked, there was always plenty of milk left over. I used to drive over to the hospital to donate my excess. It was rough loading those big containers onto the pickup, and don't think old Rick was helping me. He was catnapping after his dairy feed. The people at the hospital told me that I'd filled their milk bank to bursting—they just didn't need any more milk. I stopped by a friendly doctor's office and asked him if he thought there was something wrong with me, since I was producing more of the white stuff than the dairy farm down the road. His eyes just about bugged out of his head when I told him I was up to ten gallons a day.

"Dang, Sam!" he said. "Never heard of such a thing. I don't think it's hurting you none, though. You seem about as healthy as a filly's got a right to be. If you want, I can give you some medicine that'll dry up the milk. Your baby's old enough to be weaned, right?" I fastened my nursing bra and slid off the examination table. "I'd better ask my husband about it first, doc," I said.

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Are you crazy? Stop that sweet cream from flowing? No way! Rick was pretty upset that I'd even brought it up. To console him, I let him have a nice long suck. While he was slurping, I was thinking, 'Hmm. I do like the way my boobies look, all full to bursting with milk. It makes Rick happy...why wouldn't other men like it too?' That's how I got the idea to open up Sam's Milk Bar, a place where healthy milk-drinking men can come for some hot mom-juice right from the source.

"Rick agreed with me that it was a good idea and that we'd probably make a fortune, but he wasn't too sure how much he liked the idea of strangers staring at my titties. 'Be a sport, Rick,' I told him. 'Looking ain't nothing. They'll be paying good money for the privilege, and it's not as if I was going to be letting them touch me or anything like that.' Of course, I was lying just a bit about that last part. Truth is, I like for men to touch my boobies. I like it a lot.

"Of course, I don't boff all my customers. Just the ones who are properly appreciative of a foxy young mother. I don't wear any panties under my little waitress uniform. If I spot a hard penis lurking in the lap of some customer who's got a nice look, I'll just whip it out for him, hose down the tip with some milk, and squat on it. Anyone who wants to watch the action is more than welcome. It's a pretty hot show, even if I say so. My titties just bounce and jiggle all over the place and the milk squirts wherever it wants to go. I hired an old guy to come by and mop the floors at the end of the day. I do the tables. Wiping jism off a table isn't any harder than wiping up ketchup. I know because I've done both.

"At the rate I'm going, I'll keep Sam's Milk Bar open for a few years, then retire. Let's just hope the milk in my titties doesn't run out before I'm ready."

JUGGS 26



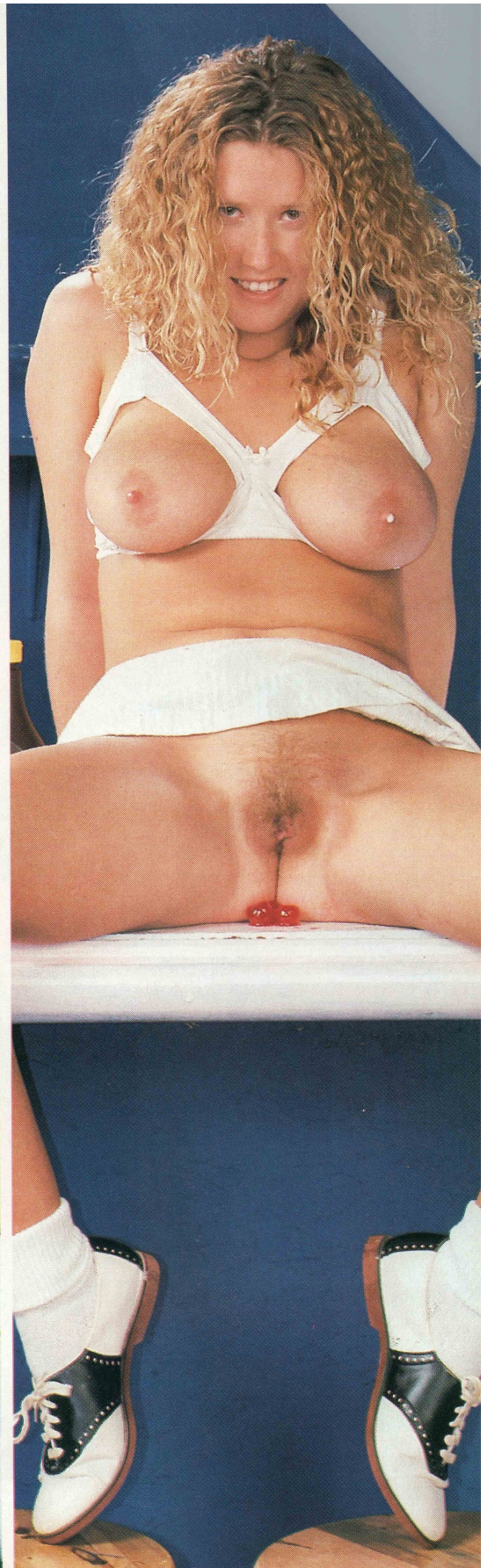
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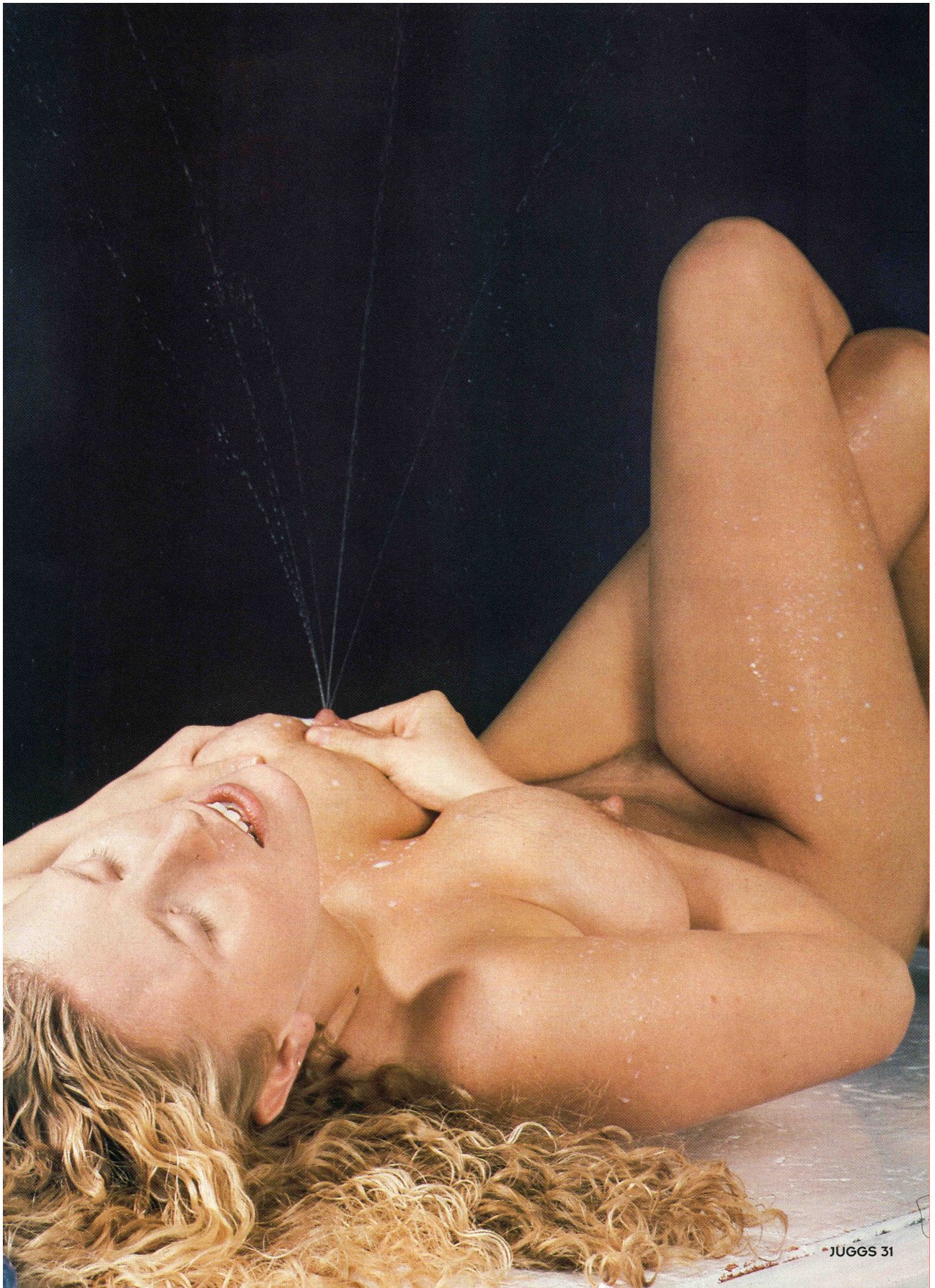
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